Numb. 16.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, May the 17th. 1681.

Jeſt. AND may we, ſay you, paſs our Verdict upon them?

Earn. Yes doubtleſs, for we have Col. *M's.* Commiſſion for it, for he ſays, p.2. *Debates H. Com. If our Actions be naught, let the World judg of them,* &c. *therefore I am for printing,* &c.

Jeſt. Ay, but what ſays Sir *F. W.* that *printing the Votes is an Appeal to the People* is but a *ſingle Opinion.*

Jeſt. And he ſays too, that tho *the Privy Council is conſtituted by the King, the Houſe of Commons is by the Choice of the People,* and that it is neither *natural nor rational, that the People that ſent them thither ſhould not be informed of their Actions*; now the people, if they be to be informed, it muſt be either for ſomething or nothing; if for nothing, they may as well continue ignorant; if for ſomething, that ſomething ſuppoſes that they are to *Judg* of it, and that what is tranſacted is either right or wrong, and if they judg it right they may approve it; if wrong they may diſclaim it; for I hope we are not to be governed by an implicit Faith at this time of the day, being *Peoples Eyes are now enlightned, and all the World over they are an informed People.*

Jeſt. Well! it may be, we may be more bold than welcom, but by your leave Mr. *Richard Baldwin,* we will take the Liberty which Col. *M.* gives to all the World, ſince you have given it us in print; pray Mr. *Earneſt* what think you of Sir *F. W's* Law, that the People conſtitute the Houſe of Commons becauſe they chuſe them?

Earn. I was reading to'ther day in Old *Chaucer* and there I met with an Old Saw, *That the greateſt Clerks are not the wiſeſt men*; but let that paſs; the Writ by which they are choſen will decide the matter, who conſtitutes and ſends the Commons up to Parliament: as I take it, it is, *Carolus D. G. &c. CHARLES* by the Grace of God, that orders the Sheriffs, Mayors, Bayliffs, &c, to give notice to the People to chuſe ſome fit perſons, to conſult *de quibuſdam arduis,* of ſome Publick difficult affairs, as how to raiſe money for the ſupport of the Crown and Government, to prevent Invaſions, Rebellions, and Inſurrections, &c. but great Lawyers may be ſometimes beſides the Cuſhion, eſpecially when there is a Deſign by ſome *flattering Clauſes,* as the ſame Sir *F. W.* ſays, or *Dick Baldwin* for him *to ſatisfie the People, and not to let them have the thing.*

Jeſt. Why! then you will not allow us our birthright of being our Sovereign Lords our ſelves?

Earn. By no means, that's a Commonwealth Feather to tickle our mouths withal, it is a plain Caſe, that the privileg of the Cities, Borroughs and Corporations in chuſing Member for the Houſe of Commons is derived to them from the Royal bounty of Kings who granted them their Charters and Immunities, and not *Natural Right?*

Jeſt. How, a plain Caſe? becauſe you think it ſo, it is and muſt be ſo to every body; muſt it? pray be not ſo poſitive.

Earn. Well, I will make it plain. If it were a *Natural Right,* all perſons who are born in *England* would have a Vote at Elections. 2dly, They might create Repreſentatives as oft as they pleaſed or ſhould ſee occaſion; 3dly, all Cities, Burroughs and Corporations would have the ſame Right, but till of late the City of *Durham* had not, and the City of *Ely,* and many Corporations and Burroughs have no Right, by which it is evident is is no *Natural Right,* but depends upon Charters and Grants from the Crown.

Jeſt. Well! but what ſay you to the Counties?

Earn. I ſay, the very diviſion of *England* into Shires, or as we now ſay Shares, was an Act of former Kings, and ſome Shires, as in *Wales,* ſending but one Knight, makes it evident that it is not a *Natural Right,* for then they would have as much right to ſend Two, as any other County.

Jeſt. Well then, I find upon the whole matter that the People are under great obligations to the Kings of *England,* and that the King is the Efficient cauſe of the Houſe of Commons and not the People.

Earn. Moſt certainly, and therefore the People have all the reaſon imaginable to be loyal, dutiful, and obedient Subjects to the King who is the Fountain from whence all their Priviledges, Charters and Liberties are derived.

Jeſt. They muſt not take Example by *E. W.* then, who complements the King at an extravagant rate about his Speech; *I think,* quoth he, *that Speech the King read to us, to have nothing of the King in it.*

Earn. That was inſtead of the Thanks which formerly have been uſed to be returned to his Majeſty for his Gracious Speech; but now all the care is as he ſays to *ſatisfie the People without Doors*; if they be but pleaſed, it is no matter for any body elſe; but one would think He might as well have had thanks as Sir *W. W.*

Jeſt. And do you think the *People without doors* will be ſatisfied with *W. B.* who has quite undone the Plot and and makes nothing of the danger of Popery. *The danger is not,* ſays he *from Popery, but from the Kings being Encompaſſed with the D's Creatures.* We have brought our Hogs to a fair market if our danger be not from Popery.

Earn. No, *T. B.* tells you it *is a Pleuriſie and we muſt let blood,* and that *we muſt have other Expedients to fortifie the Bill.*

Jeſt.

Jest. This is like Sir *W. C's. But*—

Earn. Ay, that *But*, and *R. H's* observation, that *this is a Bill on purpose to exclude the Duke only*, and that *the way to lose a Bill is to clog it*, were very inlightning *Buts*.

Jest. But of all the *Buts* commend me to H. L's *But*: *But there is an ALIQUID LATET. If the D. be not set aside, I am sure*, says he, *the Government will be*: this *But* would be broached to let out the *aliquid latet*, that we *without doors* might be satisfied.

Earn. Oh! Sir *E. W.* has broach'd it, who tells you, *that by the management of the Papists and the Ministers, without this Bill of Exclusion our Ruin is irresistible.*

Jest. But he tells you he speaks this, *as a Dying man*, and yet he is alive, and so I hope will the *Government* be, for all the *irresistible Ruin*. In the mean time the Ministers are obliged to him for coupling them with the Papists in managing our *irresistible Ruin*.

Earn. Nay they have good Company I'le say that for them, there is no quarter given, *L. G.* is arraigning the Court about the *Triple League*, *the Smyrna Fleet* and the *Retrenchments*, and Sir *R. H.* tells you, *the worst of mankind with all his villanies about him has been pardoned*----.

Jest. I wonder who he means, sure it cannot be *L. S.* tho I warrant you some idle people will be ready to shoot their bolts.

Earn. Well, upon the whole matter I think *Richard Baldwin* might have spent his time better and more to some peoples Reputation, than to have printed these *Debates*, and they say too that they are mightily *castrated*, or in the language of the Press; *corrected*.

Jest. And I hope they will be *amended* ere long; for I find the People are in a great humour of addressing; and the next Quarter Sessions we shall have plenty of Addresses; and now I think on't let us Address too, every little will help, you know.

Earn. Can you be serious?

Jest. As grave as a Judg I promise you; what do you think I do not know how to behave my self towards my betters? because I am a little pleasant now and then, you think I must always be upon the High Rope: no Sir I would have you know, I can comport my self to my Company and business.

Earn. Well! what shall it be, plain downright Prose, or a little tagg'd for variety?

Jest. Oh! Numbers, I am clearly for shewing our Numbers it will let the *Fans* see their mistake.

Earn. Well, that's agreed; shall it be Heroick or Song-fashion, or how?

Jest. I think *Pindarique*, which is the Poets Latitudinarian Way or Liberty of Conscience in Verse, is more fancy; and it may be, that may procure our Pardon from the Dissenting Crickets, who cannot in justice condemn us in what they allow themselves.

Earn. Who shall begin then?

Jest. According to the old Rule *Qui pessimè canit primo incipiat*, your pursy Councel ever opens the Cause. Saint *George* for *England* then.

Earn. Hold, hold, a Name; was there ever a Pindarick without a Name?

Jest. Call it what you will, an *Epinicium*.

Earn. That's too hard a Word.

Jest. Why then without Welt or Guard, a plain *Address*.

Earn. No, I do not like *Address*, it is a *French* Word and signifies to *direct*, and has been so intended, and I think that is not proper for Subjects.

Jest. Well, what say you to a good wholsom *English* word, The *Acknowledgment*, which implies both a Duty and Obligation.

Earn. That will do.

Jest. Then I'le begin.

The Acknowledgment, a Pindarique Ode.

1

Jest. *Illustrious* CHARLES! *Our Joy, & Heavens Care!*
For wondrous things design'd,
By the Almighty Mind,
Things which yet in Embryo are
Reserved for the future Glory
Of your surpeizing story
Whose mighty Name
In the immortal Roll of Fame
Times faithful Register shall write
Great Britains *greatest Wonder and Delight.*

2

Earn. *Me thinks I feel* Apollo's *Fires*
Fill every Vein,
I feel the sacred pain
Which even unartful breasts inspires.
Tuneful numbers crowd to sing
A future glorious King,
And like loyal Subjects meet
With emulous strife t' expreß
And in disabus'd Addreß
To lay their Duty at his sacred feet.

3

Jest. *See how the sprightly Day*
Breaks through the Cloudy morn,
And does with golden Beams adorn
Its shining way
Shadows of Fears *and* Jealousies
And dismal waking Dreams
Those popular tragick Theams
Ruis'd to fright poor mortal wights
Like midnight walks of sprites,
Begin to vanish from inlight'ned Eyes.

4

Earn. *Awakened* Loyalty *does now begin*
To raise its drowsie head
Some thought and wish'd it dead,
And others took it for a Sin,
Deceiv'd by pious Cheat
The old Republick Feat
Whose blasting breath was wont to kill
With Poperies *Odious Name*
The most unspotted Fame
That durst t' oppose her Arbitrary Will,
Whilst the art of seeming good
Religion, Property and Laws,
Pretences of the Good Old Cause
For want of being understood
Drew on the Fatal Chain,
And should have done again,
But mighty CHARLES *the Genius of our Isle,*
Born to redeem us twice
From the Charming Syren's *Voice,*
Has broke the cunning Toyl
So closely laid, (*Head.*
By Hydra *Commonwealth, that Beast of many*

5

Both. *Mount glorious Prince, th' impatient Chariot waits*
At your triumphant Gates;
Triumphs of Peace more noble far,
Than those of blushing War,
Attend your Solemn show,
Each Heart and knee will bow,
And Acclamations joyous thunder
Will rend the air asunder,
Whilst on the nimble wings of Day
Trembling Eccho's shall convey
Th' amazing noise,
And distant shores repeat the doubling Voice,
A Voice whose powerful sound shall wake
Courage in our drooping Friends
And make our pompous Enemies quake
With envious Fear,
Disappointed of their Ends
When they shall hear
The azure Roof of Heaven ring (*King.*
Long live and Reign Great CHARLES *our gracious*

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